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A WORLD WIDE PAGEANT

Written and adapted by Rev. Frank A. Campbell
Roseville, Illinois.

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Author's Note

I had long recognized the latent desire that is in most people for "play acting," and felt the failure of the church in making use of this, seeming natural, instinct for the glory of the Kingdom. But when I began to cast about I found a dearth of suitable material.

What I found was too difficult, too complicated in scenery or costuming, required too many rehearsals, or was in itself unappealing. The result was "The World Wide Pageant," in which I believe I have overcome all of these objections.

This Pageant was written for use in my own church with no thought of its publication; but I have received so many requests for copies that I have decided to put it in print.

In offering it to the public I must make certain grateful acknowledgements. To John Oxenham and Hugh Moss for certain verses adapted from their "Pageant of Darkness and Light." To Robt. W. Service for certain lines and phrases. To Rev. Herman C. Weber of the New Era Movement of New York for his encouragement in the publication. And last, but not least, to my faithful wife, Gertrude D. Campbell, whose knowledge of missions, customs and dress has enabled me to make the production a success.

FRANK A. CAMPBELL.

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A WORLD WIDE PAGEANT

SCENE.

One simple interior, sitting-room of prosperous home.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Securus, well-to-do American woman.
Mr. Securus, her husband.

Woman of Japan.	American Indian.
Child Widow of India.	An Immigrant.
Woman of India.	American Negro.
Woman of Mexico.	A Mountaineer.
Slave Girl of China.	A Lumberjack.
Woman of Syria.	Alaskan Miner.
Woman of Africa.	Home Mission Preacher.
Woman of South America.	Wife of Home Missionary.
American Cowboy.	Conscience and Destruction.

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A WORLD WIDE PAGEANT

SCENE: A SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. SECURUS, LIBRARY TABLE AT CENTER, CHAIRS, DRAPERIES, ETC., MORE OR LESS ELEGANT.

(Enter Mrs. Securus in an impatient mood.)

MRS. S.—Well, I'm glad she's gone. That old thing bothers the life out of me about sending the gospel to the heathen, and what do I care about the heathen any way. Their religion is good enough for them, and I don't see why we should worry ourselves about it. And now I'm all worked up and nervous. Mrs. Heart has such a way of insinuating that you can't be a real Christian unless you are interested just as she is in the uplift of the heathen. Better uplift some nearer home, that's what I say. **(Picks up her novel and sits down.)** I wish she'd stayed away this afternoon, I wanted to finish my book, and now she's taken away all the pleasure with her talk about the "poor heathen." And this is such an interesting book, too. Let me see, I had just gotten to where the robbers had rushed out on Aurelia as she rode along the mountain trail. Going to hold her for a ransom I am sure, then Reginald, the lover, who had been out fishing, came upon the scene, and I know he is going to rescue her, possibly getting terribly hurt himself; but she'll nurse him back to life and then they'll get married in spite of his rich old aunt.—Oh I just love such thrilling things.

(Begins to read) "Donald, her faithful steed, pricked up his ears, and tried to warn her as best he could that danger was near."—O, I read that! "Just as she entered the sheltered part of the trail overhung with a thick growth of pines and larches."—Let me see, I read that, too. Well there's no use, my whole evening is spoiled, and all because old Mrs. Heart came here with all that Missionary stuff. Oh, I'm so tired and nervous,

I wish George would come. Maybe I can take a nap before he gets here.

Drops head in hands, and finally to arm of morris chair and sleeps.)

ENTER WOMAN OF JAPAN.

I come, dear Lady, from fair Japan,
From the land of the rising sun,
From a land where darkness still holds sway
And we long for the Blessed One.

Our gods are made of wood and stone,
That have no power to care
For the poor sad souls who trust in them,
So we kneel to you in prayer.

Your western thought has entered our land,
And roused us from our sleep,
But we need your God to hold our hand
And from us the vices keep.

And now, Sweet Lady, in your pretty home
Where the gospel light shines fair,
Won't you think of us in the sunrise land,
And whisper for us a prayer.

And give of the means that will send the light
To your sisters waiting there.
They have been so long in the thrall of night,
—O Sister, you surely care!

ENTER LADY AND LITTLE GIRL FROM INDIA.

GIRL.—We two are widows from India, the caste bound land. In our country a woman may be married at the age of four, and she must be married at the age of twelve. And if our husbands die, we are outcasts from society, and must be servants for his family all the rest of our days. There are in my country today more than two hundred thousand widows under fifteen years of age. My friend here, who has been a widow since she was five years old, will tell you of our needs.

WOMAN (**Adapted from Pageant of Darkness and Light.**)

'Tis a land of light and shadows intervolved,
A land of blazing sun and darkest night,
A fortress armed and guarded jealously,
And every portal barred against the light.

A land in thrall of ancient mystic faiths,
A land of iron creeds and gruesome deeds,
A land of superstitions vast and grim,
And all the noisome growths that darkness breeds.

Like sunny waves upon an iron-bound coast,
The light beats up against the close-barred doors,
And seeks vain entrance and yet beats on and on
In hopeful faith which all defeat ignores."

Oh, the sorrowing ones in that caste-bound land,
How we long and hunger for the light;
And to you, Fair Lady, we stretch our hand,
Oh, help us to break off the bands of night.

GIRL.—No, she says our religion is good enough for us. She doesn't want to be bothered with thoughts of us.

ENTER WOMAN FROM MEXICO.

I come to you from Mexico. I am your neighbor at the South. Roman Catholicism has held us in the thrall of superstition for centuries. Instead of giving us the true religion of the Man of Galilee, they have given us only a caricature by that name, and under it we have grown hard, cruel, and treacherous. We regard neither the rights of God nor our fellow man.

But, Sweet Lady, we are breaking from Rome at last. There is an upheaval in all our society. To what shall we go? We call to you across the border. It is true that our outlaws menace your border states, but we could yet be won to a religion of love.

"There is darkness more deadly than death itself,
There is blindness beyond that of sight,
There are souls fast bound in the depths profound
Of unconscious and heedless night.

To their night, to their night,
To the darkness and sorrow of their night,
Send the light, send the light,
Send the wonder and the glory of the light."

(From the Pageant of Darkness and Light.)

ENTER SLAVE GIRL FROM CHINA.

I come to represent four hundred million Chinese. I am a Chinese slave girl. In my country it is considered a disgrace to be the parents of a girl baby, so, many parents throw their little baby girls away. Many of these little helpless ones die by the roadside or in some thicket where they have been thrown, but some, like myself, are less fortunate. I was picked up from the roadside by a man who took me to his house to be cared for by other slave girls and women till I can grow up, then I am to become his property, his slave, until he sells me to be the wife of a man who, perhaps, I have never seen.

And O, Dear Lady, if some one would only tell my people of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." If some one would bring the light of the gospel to our poor dark lives, how much happier we would be.

Do you not care that our lives are dark,
With temptations everywhere;
That our sad hearts ache, till they nearly break,
Is it naught to you? Don't you care?

ENTER WOMAN FROM SYRIA.

I come from Syria's sunny land,
From the land of sacred lore,
The land where holy feet have trod
In the ages gone before.

But alas, Fair Lady, all is changed,
For strange dark shadows fall
With a dead'ning blight to the word of light,
So unto you we call.

We live in the land of Mohammed's god,
The Alla of dark despair,
Whose Heaven is only a place of shame
For those who enter there.

Yes, we are taught that if we, poor women, would reach Heaven at all we must serve the basest will of men here on earth. We are as slaves. Sometimes a Mohammedan man will take a contract for a piece of work requiring many laborers, and then put his wives to the task while he wields the lash to make the slow ones work faster. This very thing has been seen in the paving of one of the streets of Jerusalem not long ago. But now that the war has come and the power of the Turkish Empire is broken in our country, the door is open wide for your help, and great results are to be expected.

So, Lady Fair, the pride of your home,
With a husband kind and true,
Oh hear our cries, and send the light,
Your sisters call to you.

ENTER WOMAN FROM AFRICA.

(Adapted from Pageant of Darkness and Light.)

I come from the land of the blazing sun,
From a land that is blacker than night,
From the white-hot sand of the great dark land
Where might is the only right.

We are wanderers there all without a guide,
Out there on the fringe of the night,
We are bound and blind, to our darkness resigned,
With never a wish for the light.

All is sorrow there, all is darkness there,
And the grossest wrongs to right.
There are grim black stains and people in chains,
To be loosed from the grip of night.

To our night, to our night,
To the darkness and the sorrow of our night,
Take the light, take the light,
Take the wonder and the glory of the light."

ENTER THE WOMAN FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

I come to represent the whole of South America, a vast area with a teeming population. Our country is as great in natural resources and as productive as yours. But YOU are American, I am South American. The predominating race in your country is Anglo-Saxon, in mine it is the Latin. Your religion is Protestant Christianity, while ours is a very corrupt form of Roman Catholicism; hence our people grope along a thousand years behind the rest of the world, steeped in ignorance and superstition. Oh, Kind Lady, I feel sure you do not realize our needs, or you could not close your eyes and heart to our cries for help.

(These characters having taken their position in a semi-circle back of center, now retire with hands stretching out toward Mrs. Securus. When they are gone, she moves uneasily in her sleep.)

ENTER CONSCIENCE **(in white Greek costume).**

I am thy conscience, Lady Fair,
Fast bound for many years,
But now tonight I am set free,
By these poor women's tears.

I stand forth here to plead for them,
Thy sisters o'er the sea,
Wilt thou not stop and hear their cry,
The cry that comes to thee?

Their gods are made of stone and wood
Which are no gods at all,
Their lives are desolate and sad,
O Lady hear their call.

I plead because thy home is bright,
With joy and peace and love,
I plead because thou hast the light
That cometh from above.

O, Lady, thou shalt send to them
In darkness o'er the sea,
The light, for sake of Him who said
"Ye did it unto me."

Go read again His Holy Word,
Ere He from earth had flown,
To all who some day hope to see
Him by His Father's throne.

Go unto all the world and preach,
The Gospel light proclaim,
Baptising such as do believe,
In God's own Triune Name.

CONSCIENCE RETIRES AND MRS. S. AROUSES AND LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM.

MRS. S.—What a dream that was! Can it be that I have been so blind to my duty all these years? It seems so real. I can see those poor creatures yet as they held out their hands toward me. It makes me feel as if they were really looking to me for help. At last I see my duty clearer than ever before. God forgive my careless past and help me in the future.

(Gets Bible from shelf, blows off dust and begins to read, Matt. 28:16-20.)

"Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw Him they worshiped Him but some

doubted. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and Earth, Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

How often have I read and heard that scripture, but it never meant so much to me before.

(Bows her head in hands as if in prayer. While she thus meditates Mr. Securus enters with the evening paper in a breezy, satisfied manner.")

MR. S.—Hello, Dear, how has the day gone with you?

MRS. S.—Oh, very well, I guess. How has it been with you, George?

MR. S.—Fine; hogs took another jump today, been going up for some time, and I sold that last carload of wheat at a clear gain of three hundred dollars. I've made three thousand dollars on wheat alone this year. I say, Grace, you never thought when I married you that we'd be worth what we are today, did you?

MRS. S.—No I didn't, George. God has been mighty good to us, and I was just thinking that we do very little for His cause.

MR. S.—**(Surprised)** You don't say so. Why, Grace, what's happened? **(Notices the Bible in her lap.)** Now look here, don't take things too seriously. Religion's all right. I believe in religion. I am a member of the church, and you know there's mighty few things go on down there but that they get something out of me before it's over.

MRS. S.—Yes, I know, George, but how much have we really given freely because we love His Kingdom?

MR. S.—Now, you're getting personal; wonder you wouldn't start a prayer-meeting or something. Don't I give my share to our church expenses?

MRS. S.—Yes, I suppose you do, but I was thinking about the poor heathen who have never heard of the gospel.

MR. S.—Oh that's it. Turned missionary, eh? Well, I've no objections; you women must have your fads, I guess. But I might say that I have very little use for foreign missions. Their religions are good enough for them. They are satisfied, and why should we worry?

MRS. S.—But, George, they are not satisfied, and I can't help worrying some when I realize their awful needs.

MR. S.—Well, now, I believe in converting some of the heathen at home first. I believe in home missions, all right.

MRS. S.—Well, George, just how much have we given for home missions this past year?

MR. S.—Well, let's see, how many times have they called for collections for home missions?

MRS. S.—About four times in the year, I think.

MR. S.—Well, you know I never give less than a quarter when the basket goes round.

MRS. S.—Yes, I know, but, George, do you think a dollar or so a year is all we can afford for home missions when the need is so great?

Mr. S.—My goodness, Grace, you'll be equal to old Mrs. Heart the first thing you know.

Mrs. S.—(Rising) I wish I were, in some things. But I'm tired, now, I'm going to my room. I feel the need of rest and thought.

(Takes her Bible and withdraws.)

Mr. S.—Well, by gum, that's the first time I ever saw her bothered about the heathen. But I guess she'll get over it 'fore very long. I want to look over the markets again before I retire.

(Reads half aloud a paragraph or so of the daily market reports, finally begins to nod and drops paper and is asleep.)

ENTER COWBOY AND INDIAN.

COWBOY.—

We come from the range of the great South West,
Where life is wild and free,
Where time floats by with never a thought
Of the vast eternity.

I once was the pride of an eastern home,
The joy of a mother there,
And though I am tough, I often wish
I could hear a Christian prayer.

INDIAN.—White man, he come drive poor Indian way from home. Give poor Indian heep fire-water, and no give him white man's God. Indian don't know how to fight white man's temptations. O please, Mr. White Man, send preacher and teacher to help poor Indian.

COWBOY.—

There are towns out west without a church,
With sin-holes everywhere,
If this goes on a few more years,
'Twill be too late, I fear.

The crying need is a church out there,
And a preacher kind and brave,
To lead the way in the toils of life,
And offer a prayer at the grave.

ENTER AN IMMIGRANT.

I represent the Immigrant. We come to your shores at the rate of a million a year from every country and from every grade of society. We do not know your languauge nor your customs, much less your American ideals. Many of us come from countries where the Chuch means the Roman Catholic Church, and we have had enough of that, so we have nothing to do with any church. We come only to make money, and within a few

years we have all the powers of American citizenship, yet we have no idea of American life nor our responsibility.

We do not attend church services, as we cannot understand the language, nor can we dress and act as you do; so we are becoming immoral, irreligious, and un-American right within your own borders, filling your jails and penitentiaries, leading in riots, and menacing the peace of the nation.

Your schools are taking care of our children in part, but who will help us older ones to learn American ideals and Christian morality. This great work is left to the Church, which is doing all it can, but it can do so little because so many American citizens, like yourself, have no vision of the gerat need, and are too selfish to meet the need with the necessary funds.

ENTER AMERICAN NEGRO.

I represent the colored man who lives in the cabin in the edge of so many of our towns. My wife does washing and ironing, and I pick up such odd jobs as I can to make a living. We have two children that are just as dear to us as yours are to you, but what does life hold for them? They are black. They know it, and know that they are outcasts, not because of any crime, but because of their color.

Consequently, we have grown to resent this attitude, and try to get even with the white man. We steal his corn and chickens, and fill his jails. No nation can rise higher than its lowest people. When the great war came we went to the front with the first and gave our lives for our country. Now what will you give for us? We need the help of the white man. We need industrial schools with trained leaders, and an educated ministry for our churches. Give us these or we will continue to be a menace to your peace, and a danger to society.

ENTER MOUNTAINEER.

I come from the mountains. In my veins flows the purest American blood. My forefathers were Scotch-Irish and French Hugenots, but we have lived so long in the mountains that we have lost our ambition as a people. As a rule, we work hard, but to no avail, for our soil is poor and our markets are inaccessible. We live in scattered groups with little or no society. Our men work in the timber, and our women make baskets and mats. We have few needs that we cannot supply in our own crude way, but such conditions cannot produce the highest type of American citizenship.

With changing conditions, our schools are becoming better, with longer terms and better teachers, but what we need most is the minister of the gospel. Economic conditions make it impossible for us to pay a living wage to even a poorly equipped preacher. If you do not send us the Home Mission Preacher, then a large part of our own fair country will be without the light of the true gospel, and we shall continue in our feuds, wild-cat distilling and other forms of lawlessness.

Oh, Kind Sir, it pays, too, for our boys, when given a chance, make good. They become teachers, business men, lawyers, doctors and ministers. Their rugged life, strong bodies and unbiased minds soon make their mark in the world. We look to you for that chance.

ENTER LUMBERJACK.

I am the Lumber Jack from the forest at the head of a western creek. There are few women and children in our camp and nothing that resembles a home. We eat our coarse grub in a mess hall amid curses and smutty stories. We sleep in a smelly bunk house reeking with vermin and foul air. The only man who ever speaks to us of real life is the Sky-Pilot from down at the Forks, but he can come only once in three months. When we die there is no one to say even a prayer, and as we live and toil there is no one to point out the way of truth. So we live on in our own haphazard way with no thought of the future.

We drink and gamble and curse and fight,
But we never lie nor steal;
We're grit to the core, and we live to dare,
But somehow, we never kneel.

And now, Kind Sir, won't you think of us
Out here in the lumber camp
And send the Sky-Pilot here to stay,
To hold for our hearts the lamp.

To keep us straight, and teach us the way,
To live for the home on high,
And stand by the bunk and say a prayer
When one of us has to die.

ENTER ALASKAN MINER.

(Apologies to Robt. W. Service.)

There's a land where the mountains are nameless
And the rivers all run, God knows where,
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair.

There nameless men on nameless rivers travel
And in strange valleys greet strange deaths alone,
Grim and daring souls that would unravel
The mysteries around the polar zone.

We are panting at the windlass, we are loading in the drift
We are pounding at the face of oozy clay.
We tax ourselves to sickness, dark and damp and double shift,
And we labor like a demon night and day.

We live on canned tomatoes, beef embalmed and sour dough bread,
On rusty beans and bacon furred with mould.
Our stomach's out of kilter, and we're dreamy in the head,
But we're the chaps that dig Alaska's gold.

And we never hear a prayer, though our hearts are full of sin,
And here we stay and battle with the cold.
We'd be glad to have a preacher and a better life begin,
That would be a richer treasure than our gold.
Don't forget the Klondike miner when you go to bed to-night,
He's your brother out there on the border land,
His way is full of pitfalls, but he's got the grit to fight,
But he needs the power of God to help him stand.

ENTER HOME MISSIONARY PREACHER AND WIFE.

PREACHER.—I represent the home mission preachers of America. Although we have completed the course of study prescribed for the ministers of our church, and many of us are capable of holding larger churches at a living salary, we have heard the call to the frontiers of the church. You will find us among the cowboys and the Indians on the prairies, with the miner and the lumber jack of the North West, in the mountains of the South, among the immigrants of our cities, and a large number of us in the weak churches in the towns and villages all over the country. We represent you in the work of Him Who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." And we have the right to your sympathy and support.

MINISTER'S WIFE.—I come to represent the wives of home missionaries. We come from homes of culture and refinement, where we were surrounded with every comfort. When God's Prophet asked us to become the mistress of his home, we left it all and followed him in his Godly calling. But do not think that all is joy for the minister's wife, especially in the home mission field, where much of the local work for the church centers around the mistress of the manse.

Then there are often children to care for, and a constant worry over making the small stipend reach over till

next pay-day, and then that great black, black future day when the salary may cease entirely on account of age or disability.

Yet many a woman is doing this and more for the cause of the Master, but there is one thing that we plead for most, and that is for the welfare of our children. They have a right to an education and other advantages that will enable them to take their places along with their cousins who have been born into the homes of other professions. Will you not help to raise the minister's salaries so that their children may be educated equal to those of parents in the other walks of life?

We live and work in the Master's name,
Wherever our husbands go.
Sometimes our hearts grow very sad,
And often the hot tears flow.

But not for ourselves do we care the most,
Though sometimes we long for home,
But we wish for the sake of our boys and girls
That a larger check could come.

And you, Kind Sir, can send a check,
And fill some home with joy,
And give a year of college life
To some fair girl or boy.

(These characters now retire with warning gestures.)

ENTER DESTRUCTION **(in death mask).**

I am thine enemy, Destruction. I am only waiting my time to come upon all thine institutions. I am riding into thy country in the dark creeds of the old world. I am gaining power through the ignorance and superstition of thy neglected peoples. I am the father of the Bolshevike and kindred movements.

I am pleased with the death of churches and the breaking up of home religion, and there is nothing I fear so much as the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Ah, foolish man that you are, I am ready to snatch you and all you hold most dear. How well for me you do not believe in missions. You are mine, body and soul.

WHEN HE HAS RETIRED MR. S. AROUSES SUDDENLY AND JUMPS TO HIS FEET.

MR. S.—Then it is all a dream, and I am here alone. But at last I see my duty clearer than ever before. Grace was right. I am ashamed of what I have been doing for missions at home and abroad. God has been very good to me, and I have done so little for His Kingdom.

ENTER MRS. S., in kimono.

MRS. S.—What, George, are you still up; don't you know it is twelve o'clock?

MR. S.—Listen, Grace, I have had a wonderful dream, and I see things in a new light.

MRS. S.—George, did you see all of those poor women of the foreign mission countries?

MR. S.—No, but I saw representatives of a dozen Home Mission fields and was surprised at the needs here at home, and the terrible consequences if we do not give them the gospel and American ideals. And, Grace, if you are willing, from now on I want to give one-tenth of our income to God's work.

MRS. S.—To Home Missions, George?

MR. S.—**(Clasping hands)** No, Grace, it has gone deeper, if the home field needs are so great what must be the needs of those who have never heard? Here's for a new life, Grace, one-tenth for home and foreign missions.

CURTAIN.

An effective tableau or so can be arranged of the characters first stretching out their hands in vain as the man and lady sleep, then again as they receive the outstretched Bible from the, now aroused, Christians.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

1. Secure, if possible, the characters for Mr. and Mrs. Securus from the same family, thus facilitating the learning of the dialogue parts. The same in regard to the child widow and woman of India.

2. By taking two copies and carefully cutting out parts, you can give each one his part to memorize, leaving two of your four copies intact.

3. Costumes need not be very elaborate. See pictures in missionary books and papers, and geographic, magazines, etc.; or enclose 50 cents in stamps to Mrs. Gertrude D. Campbell, Rossville, Ill., for explicit directions in costuming.

4. When you have given this pageant, if it has meant anything good for your church, please see that it is written up for your church paper. If you would aid in getting it into other churches at the least cost in expensive advertising, please manage to get it into your "write-up" that it can be had by writing to Rev. Frank A. Campbell of Rossville, Illinois.

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